[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 7.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1806.

HISTORICAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

On the conduct of Charles XII, at the Battle of Bender.

On no subject is there a greater difference of opinion, than on whether particular enterprizes are rash, or daring only. Every enterprize must be daring, as the word implies an attempt attended with danger; but a rash enterprize is an attempt, where there is no probability of success, and where the end in view, is not a counterpoise to the danger. Thus it would be a rash undertaking for fifty men to attack a large city, for the sake of revenging an insult; as in such case, there would be scarce a possibility of success, and the revenging an insult would not be an object at all equivalent to the danger attending the attempt.

There is a difference too in respect to him who is engaged in the enterprize. When a man is surrounded by dangers, an exploit may be attempted to free himself from them, which would be absolute folly and madness in any other man.

It has often remarked that the same attempt, which when unsuccessful is called rashness, would have been considered a proof of the highest skill and wisdom had it succeeded. Every attempt of a great man should be considered in every light before we pass this censure on it, nor should the success of it at all sway our opinion. Unforeseen circumstances may mar the best laid plan, or may occasion the success of the most foolish and desperate attempt. Charles XII, of Sweden, has been considered not merely as a rash man, but as an absolute madman, for fighting the battle of Bender; but considered in all its circumstances, I confess it does not appear to me such absolute folly.

Charles, after the battle of Pultowa had fled into the Turkish dominions to avoid being taken by the Russians. He had involved the Turks in one war with that power by his intrigues, and an end would have been made to all Czar Peter's improvements, and a termination to his empire, had not the Vizier been duped by Catharine, and suffered him to escape. Charles, by the intrigues of his agent, Poniatowsky, had deposed this vizier, and from his success in these intrigues he was encouraged in attempting to engage the Turks in another war. But the new vizier was not disposed to favour him, and procured an order from the Sultan, that he should leave the empire. Charles refused, as he knew many eminent Turks were his partizans, and that the influence of the Seraglio would be employed in his favor, as it had

been before; and if he left the empire there was not the least prospect that they would aid him against the Russians. The grand vizier, finding that he refused, sent a considerable army to take him prisoner, and to transport him from the Turkish empire. He determined to resist, and intrenched himself strongly. The force sent against him was about ten times as great as his own, but with the same disproportion in numbers, Charles had attacked and destroyed an army in its entrenchments at the battle of Narva. He therefore thought it probable he might defeat this force, as his own was composed of his most valiant soldiers, and had been with him in all his wars. If he could defeat this force, he had no doubt of effecting the downfall of his enemy, the vizier. His force consisted of about three hundred and sixty men. The soldiers however deceived him, for as soon as the Turks advanced to the entrenchments they threw down their arms. This Charles could not foresee, and had sufficient reason to suppose the contrary. None but his officers and domestics now remained to him, but the resistance made by these, would lead us to believe the result would have been different, had the three hundred who surrendered fought in their accustomed manner. Two hundred Turks were killed in about fifteen minutes, and the loss would have been much greater, had Charles not have fallen as he was passing from one house to another, and by that means have been taken prisoner.

Considered in this point of view, I think this king has been too much censured for this action. It is well known that the Turks were not better soldiers than the Russians, and it was extremely important that Charles should get some aid against this power. His kingdom was attacked on every side by powerful nations, the Danes, Saxons, Poles, and Russians. There was no nation in Europe but the Turks, whom he had any hopes of making parties in his defence, as they would all have been rejoiced at his total destruction. As things were in this situation, and Charles found he had many partizans in Constantinople whose exertions in his favor his absence would paralize, it is not to be wondered at, that he should wish to remain there at least till they had had another opportunity for exerting themselves in his favor.

As to the morality of the action, I shall only observe, that kings generally make every thing give way to their interest, and that therefore Charles, even in this view, was at least no worse than his neighbors.

HISTORICUS.

HAARLEM HEROINES.

FROM PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

A man, says Carter, can hardly go through a street of Haarlem, without seeing some objects that remind him of the history of the country. This is a truth which few travellers have allowed themselves time to be acquainted with, as Haarlem is generally looked upon to be a mere thoroughfare to Amsterdam, which is complimented with notice just in the degree that this town is slighted.

The ruins of the old castle here, wherein the burghers besieged the Lord of the place for his tyranny, are still to be seen. This siege would have cost him his life, if his lady had not capitulated to surrender, on condition that she should be allowed to bring out of the castle as much of the valuable goods as she could carry on her back. This article being agreed to, she took her husband on her shoulders, preserving him in this manner from their fury,

and left the place to their mercy; which by the bye they were well disposed to shew, on account of the pleasant device which had saved her lord, and put the enemy into a good humour.

There was a notable wife for you. Perhaps wicked wits, the slanderers of the lovely sex, who, as Pope says, "libel all the fair," would insinuate that many of our modern married dames would content themselves with carrying out their jewel box, and leave their husbands behind them. But wicked wits may assert what they please; I am so far from assisting their scandal, that I can never suspect this to happen, unless in the general hurry of securing No. 1, No. 2 should be forgotten; as who can answer for the effects of fear upon the memory; and at such a time too, when you know the first law of nature presses for obedience. No! depend on it, should a husband be overlooked in a lady's treaty of safety, it could only proceed from a little inadvertence, or a very laudable design, to leave behind what was not worth carrying away. Such opportunities, you know, do not happen often:

"*There is a tide in the affairs of women,*
"*Which, taken at their ebb, lead on*
"*To widowhood and second marriage:*"

And this is one of them.

But Haarlem, it seems, was at all times popular for its gallant females.—Historians mention almost as many heroines as heroes, who defended the town in the memorable seige of 1573. Strada tells us, that making use of the invention peculiar to them, in the *moment critique*, they conversed with the Prince of Orange by pigeons as couriers, but which, being discovered, by one of them settling upon a tent in the Spanish camp, the enemy shot all these winged expresses about the town, and put an end to the winged intercourse.

THE NOVELIST.

THE ZEGRIS.

AN INTERESTING SPANISH NOVEL.

Towards the middle of one of those nights which, in the Spring season, are so beautiful in the kingdom of Granada; when the sea was calm, and the heavens serene; when the air, loaded with the fragrance of myrtles and orange trees, and with the perfumes which nature lavishes so abundantly in that delightful country, was agitated by the soft breath of Zephyr; when no accents but those of the Nightingale interrupted the majestic silence of night, on a sudden the horrid voice of war disturbed the serenity of nature.

Don Lewis Ferez de Bevar, as he walked in his garden with his family, was surprised with the discharge of fire-arms, and tumultuous cries, in one of the adjacent houses. The steeples of all the villages announced a descent of the corsairs of Barbary, and spread universal consternation.

Don Lewis dispatched his son to assemble the militia of the hamlet. He took arms, left his house under the guard of his servants, and hastened to join his vassals. They already amounted to more than one hundred, and reinforcements continually arrived. He sent assistance to the house attacked; and judging, from the general alarm, that the enemy would not fail to retreat, he repaired to a small creek, which was the only part where the pirates could have landed.

As Don Lewis had foreseen, it happened: The pirates were hastening to this spot with their plunder. A discharge of fire-arms put them to flight, about eight or ten excepted, who bravely made a stand with bayonets fixed, to cover the flight of their companions. The incessant fire of the Spaniards was so effectual, that at last, of this handful of brave men, one alone remain-

ed. He endeavoured to gain the ships; but they were already at sea, and crowding sail from the shore.

The gallant behavour of this prisoner procured every mark of respect from Don Lewis. He was conveyed to the castle with the wounded, among whom was Don Michael, the son of Don Lewis. This young nobleman's wound appeared, the next day, to be very alarming; insomuch that the sentiments of kindness, which Don Lewis had begun to conceive for his prisoner, were very sensibly changed. He entered the apartment in which he was confined; he spoke to him, but received no answer. The prisoner did not understand the Spanish language; but Don Lewis spoke the Arabic with great fluency. 'Slave,' said he 'you have wounded my son; if he dies, expect to be treated without mercy.'—The slave, looking at Don Lewis with an air of indifference, answered, 'Have I not already shewn you that I am not afraid to die? Go, Christian; I have lost all that is dear to me, and life is no longer of moment!'—Don Lewis then asked him from what part of Barbary he came?—'From *Barbary!* replied he; I know no such country. You call my country by that name; but we also give it to the land of Christains. —My nation bears an immortal enmity to thine; and whatever thou mayst do, thou canst not augment it.'

These bold expressions, far from irritating Don Lewis, inspired him with an exalted opinion of his prisoner. He perceived that this African was not a man of vulgar rank. A few days after, Don Michael being declared to be in a state of convalescence, the father in the transports of his joy was desirous to treat his prisoner with marks of particular distinction.

The two sisters of Don Lewis were desirous of seeing this haughty corsair. He sent for him into their presence. They were struck with his noble air, and with his modest, yet not abject deportment. Don Lewis informed the African, that his son was no longer in danger, and that his captivity should be made as easy to him as possible. He was to be considered as a prisoner on parole, and to be treated as one of the family till happier times—The slave thanked Don Lewis for his humanity: 'All places,' said he, 'are alike to me. There is but one alone that could afford me pleasure. But you are capable, my lord, of exalted generosity; and I would therfore, presume to request a favour of still greater consequence in my eyes.'

Don Lewis kindly encouraging him to proceed, the African thus continued: 'Your people, my lord, have plundered me; but I do not complain, it is the custom of this kind of war. One inestimable treasure has escaped them. I may not however, always be so fortunate. I may not, however, always fall into such hands as yours; and I entreat you to take charge of the deposit.'—At these words, he took from his arm a bracelet, on which was a beautiful portrait. He bore it to his lips; and tears flowed from the eyes of a corsair, who seemed to be unacquainted with tears. 'This,' said he, presenting the portrait to Don Lewis, 'this is my treasure. The moment I recover my liberty, I will redeem it, at whatever ransom you may fix.'

The two sisters, although unacquainted with his language, could not but observe the emotions, and understand the expressions, of a passionate heart. They looked at the portrait, and felt the most tender concern for such a faithful lover. Don Lewis, smiling returned his treasure. 'Keep it yourself,' said he; it is yours without ransom: it shall never be taken from you.'—The grateful African thanked Don Lewis, as well as the lovely sisters who appeared so much interested in his favour. The curiosity of the ladies could not be concealed; and, on their requesting to know for whom the portrait was intended, he answered, with all the expressions of the most ardent passion, that it was the very impefect resemblance of his mistress, the adorable Azida, who was more beautiful than the houris of paridise, and to whose perfections no mortal could do justice. The sisters smiled at this passionate answer, and then enquired of what country was this paragon of beauty? 'Azida,' answered he, 'is the daughter of Ali Horuc, of Tetuan. The name of Horuc is famous in the Mediterranean. He is a rough corsair it is true; but with me he has the highest merit: he is the father of Azida.'—You sailed from Tetuan, then, said Don Lewis.—'Yes, answered the slave; but, for my part, I have no inclination for these cruizes, since we seldom meet with any but weak and defenceless enemies. But the inflexible Horuc will give his daugh-

ter to none but a sailor like himself; and what is there I could not do to obtain Azida?'

In the mean time, the Moorish vessels had returned to Tetuan. The news of their disaster, and of the capture of Saydan, could not be conveyed to Horuc, who was at that time confined to his bed by a severe indisposition. Azida was the first who heard the fatal news. It was too much for a mind already distracted by the supposed loss of her lover. Her female attendants were long apprehensive for her life; and it was many days before tears came at length to relief.—Ah, me! said the beauteous forlorn, 'I weep! while Saydan is perhaps in chains.' Is this a moment for tears, when I ought to fly to his rescue?—She went instantly to collect her gold and jewels; she hastened to find her brother Abdallah. She could not speak; she laid her gold and jewels before him; her looks expressive of unutterable woe.—'Do not despair, my dear sister,' said the sympathizing Abdallah: 'if the angel of death has not extended his hand over him, if he be only a slave, I will answer for his liberty. I will see about it.'—A ray of hope entered the heart of Azida. She pressed the hand of her brother with the sweet violence of impatient wishes. 'See about it!' said she; 'but it must be to day, it must be this instant.'—Abdallah left her, to take the necessary measures for the ransom of his sister's gallant lover; but he would not take any of the gold and jewels, which she had brought for that purpose.

Abdallah applied to a Moor who had been in this disastrous cruize, and who spoke the Spanish language. This man undertook to negociate the ransom of Saydan; and as a communication subsisted between Tangier and Algesiras, he crossed without difficulty to the Spanish shore in the habit of a Spaniard.

[*To be continued.*]

DETACHED EXTRACTS.

Whenever I behold a prattling infant, I silently address it thus:—What a pity it is, that thou who now smilest, and playest so innocently and prettily, must become a knave! That, the pupil of fashion, thou must become proud and ungrateful, and efface from thy mind good-nature and rectitude, and the sense of right and wrong; and that after thou hast taken on thyself the vow of thy sponsors, to renounce the world, thou must devote thyself entirely to it! That particularly thou must turn off all thy acquaintances of inferior condition, and court such as will shun, despise, and laugh at thee! That shouldest thou inadvertantly recognize an humble school-fellow, thou must run away from him as if he had the plague, especially should any great person be in sight! That stifling every feeling and affection of nature, thou must become the creature of folly, and live on the phantom of pride! That thou must shun the friend of thy bosom, even her whose milk thou hast sucked, and those who were nourished in the same womb, should the capricious wheel of fortune set thee high! That thou must strut and look big, and learn to turn up thy nose; and whilst thou art wrapt in ignorance, and tremblest at a breath of wind, be uneasy at even the thought of thy Maker's being greater than thyself, and hate those who harbor such an idea; till in due time, thou stumblest into the grave, and becomest the food of worms. *Anon.*

On translating Poetry.—You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. *Poetry indeed cannot be translated;* and therefore it is the poets that preserve languages; for we would not be at the trouble to

learn a language, if we could have all that is written in it, just as well in a translation. But as the beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language, except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language.

Dr. Johnson.

The idea of restraint is vexatious and tormenting to the human mind; and a life confined to any precise and particular boundary, still passing round and round in the same circle, like a dog in a wheel, or a horse in a mill, without novelty or change, is so odiously adverse to all the feelings of human nature, that it can only be endured in melancholy sufference. If then a life confined to one spot, however enlarged and accommodating it may be, is so intolerable, to live in strict confinement, or abject slavery, must, as Hermoleus told Alexander, be worse than death.

In this universal scratch among mankind for property, that man must be truly meritorious, who maintains his integrity. Nothing but the principle of truth, and the possession of fortitude, can sustain the mind in uprightness;—wanting them, the man is lost.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke. *Pope.*

Personal jests may fly lightly, but the wounds they make are sore and deep, especially if they proceed from the tongue or lips of a presumed friend.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

Mr. Pool,

If you think the following worthy a place in your VISITANT, by inserting it you will oblige C.

STANZAS.

She, than whose love-inspiring eye
The sparkling diamond shines less bright;
Whose lip might with the cherry vie,
Or bosom mock the lily white:

She, on whose soft susceptive cheek,
Each finer feeling of her heart,
In transient blushes seems to speak,
And every inmost thought impart;

Who, as her secret thoughts arise,
To each can give its glowing phrase,
In charms which nature's self supplies
To all she does, to all she says.

'Twas she first touch'd my youthful heart,
Which beauty never touch'd before;
Taught me to hug the rankling dart,
And love her who inflicts the sore.

POETRY.

FOR THE VISITANT.

FABLE II.

THE HUMBIRD AND HER YOUNG.

Summer in her gayest mood,
Had unbosom'd all her charms,
When a Humbird told her brood,
To beware of youthful harms.

You must labor round the mead,
Gathering sweets from every flower:
Never touch forbidden joys,
In a gay unguarded hour.

Off they flew elate with youth,
Heedless of parental care;
Vain, in plumage' neatest dress;
Sporting in the fragrant air.

To a garden fill'd with pinks,
Soon a youthful wand'rer hied;
Found a cup with honey fill'd,
Tasted—lov'd—step'd in—and died.

One unlawful thought m' unveil,
Sacred Beauty's safe retreat;
Blooming virtue then must droop,
At our passions' fiery heat.

ÆSOP.

The following simple and pathetic Lines, in a very beautiful manner, describe the melancholy changes which almost necessarily take place in the human mind, during its progress from infancy to manhood.

LINES.

IN THE MANNER OF SHENSTONE.

How bright was my youth's early morn,
Ere reflection had clouded my brow:
I selected the rose from the thorn,
And was happy I hardly knew how.

I join'd in the sports of the plain—
With rapture I heard the blithe song;
In the dance I was first of the train,
And was gay among the gay throng.

'Tis true my heart oft breath'd a sigh,
But it rose from mild pity alone;
If a tear sometimes stray'd from my eye,
It flow'd not from grief of its own.

No sorrow corroded my heart,
No falshood awakened a fear;
For my bosom, a stranger to art,
Believ'd every friend was sincere.

But ah! these fair visions of youth,
Disappointment has chas'd from my mind!
And the friends whom I fancied all truth,
Alas! can be sometimes unkind.

I have seen the bright azure of morn,
With darkness and clouds shadow'd o'er;
I have found that the rose has a thorn,
Which will wound when its bloom is no more.

The sigh that from sympathy rose,
Now heaves not for others alone;
And the tear as it silently flows,
Confesses a source of its own.

TAKE TIME, AND THINK ABOUT IT.

By Selleck Osborne.

Ye Lasses gay, in beauty's bloom,
All blithe and debonair,
Think not too boldly I presume
In warning thus the Fair.
When beauty rises to the view,
The men will buz, ne'er doubt it,
This maxim mind, when they pursue,
Take time to think about it.

When every flattering art they try,
And praise your shape and air,
Your blooming cheek & sparkling eye,
Take heed, dear girls, beware:
The honey on your rosy lip
They'll strive to gain, ne'er doubt it;
Yet, e'er you let them have a sip,
Take time, and think about it.

But when the constant Lover woos,
Endow'd with manly sense,
Then listen to his tender vows;
With trifling forms dispense:
He'll scorn to flatter and deceive,
If worthy, never doubt it;
Your hand to such then freely give,
Nor think too long about it.

EPITAPH.

Here rests my spouse: no pair thro life
So *equal* liv'd as we did;
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.

HUMOUR.

A physician after attending an honest Hibernian through a long sickness, carried in his bill, as usual, to visits and medicines, &c. "Very well," said the convalescent on reading it; "I find no fault, with the bill, dear doctor. For your medicines I will pay you the money; but as for the visits, my dear, when I get better, I'll pay you in visits again."

Retort Courteous.—"Why Mr.——," said a tall fellow the other day to a little person, who was in company with five or six huge men, "I protest you are so *small* I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a *four-hence half-penny* among *six cents*—not readily perceived, *yet worth the whole of them.*"

A shoemaker who lately lived at Kentish Town, did not choose to tell absolute falsehoods, he therefore contrived, as well as he could, to evade such as his profession occasionally compelled him to use. When he had cut out the leather for a pair of shoes, he laid it down upon the floor, and walked once or twice round it. If then asked by his customers whether he had done the shoes, he would truly answer, "No! but *I have been about them.*"

A felon, on his way to execution, called out to some soldiers as he passed, to know if they were not militia men, and some of them substitutes. Being answered in the affirmative, he drolly asked if either of them would become a substitute for him, as he did not like so much parade and nonsense, and wished to go another way.

A person who kept a Parrot, used frequently to put his finger into the cage to him—the Parrot bit him, and the man said, "damn it, how you pinch!" The Parrot being out of his cage, a kawk took him up, and flew off with him, while the Parrot kept crying, "*damn it, how you pinch!*"

During the unhappy disturbances in Ireland, a poor fellow was tried for treason, in conspiring "to kill the King." The Counsel against him, in the midst of his fine florid language, chanced to repeat the law adage, that "the King never dies;" on which Pague roars out "Uboboo! my lord! and how can I be guilty?" His friends desired him to keep quiet, but he positvely refused, with "Don't you hear what a bull that *tief* of the world makes? Why oons and thunder, how can I *kill* a man that *never dies.*"

A flourishing coxcomb the other day came into a shoemaker's shop to try on a pair of boots. "These are too short for the ton," said he, "they should be long enough to *cover up the calf* completely." "Then," said the shoemaker, "*they must be about five feet ten inches.*"

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Mr. Arad Pomeroy, to Miss Sally Ropes. Mr. Henry D. Benson, to Miss Peggy Gowen.

DEATHS.

At Marlblehead, Mrs. Mary Mansfield, æt. 59, consort of Isaac M. esq.
In this town, Miss Priscilla Allen, æt. 10, daughter of Capt. Wm. Allen.

PUBLISHED BY HAVEN POOL,
Directly west of the Tower of Dr. Prince's Meeting-House.
(Price $2 per annum—to be paid half yearly, in advance.)
COMMUNICATIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.
Ornamental and other *PRINTING* correctly executed.